

# BOSTON RECORDER.

NATHANIEL WILLIS, PROPRIETOR AND PUBLISHER.

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## RELIGIOUS.

[For the Boston Recorder.]

### THE SABBATH.

Mr. EDITOR.—If you will be so kind as to publish the following testimony of Dr. Farre, before a Committee of the British House of Commons in 1833, with regard to the Christian Sabbath, you will oblige me, and may perform an important service to the cause. It is a document of calling the attention of our distinguished Physicians to this subject, and of getting the results of their observations in regard to it.

Any communications directed to me, at No. 28, Cornhill, Boston, will be gratefully received by

True yours, &c. JUSTIN EDWARDS.

Boston, Dec. 17, 1842.

#### TESTIMONY OF DR. FARRE.

"I have been in the habit, during a great many years, of considering the use of the Sabbath, and of observing its abuses. The abuses are chiefly manifested in labor and dissipation. The use, medically speaking, is that of a day of rest. In a theological sense, it is a holy rest, preparing for the introduction of new and salutary ideas into the mind of man, preparing him for his future state. As a day of rest, I view it as a day of compensation for the inadequate restorative power of the body under continued labor and excitement. A physician always has respect to the preservation of the restorative power, because, if once this is lost, his healing office is at an end. If I show you, from the physiological view of the question, that there are provisions in the laws of nature which correspond with the divine commandment, you will see, from the analogy, that 'the Sabbath was made for man,' as a necessary appointment.

"A physician is anxious to preserve the balance of circulation, as necessary to the restorative power of the body. The ordinary exertions of man run down the circulation every day of his life; and the first general law of nature by which God (who is not only the giver, but also the preserver and sustainer of life) prevents man from destroying himself, is the alternating of day with night, that repose may succeed action. But although the night apparently equalizes the circulation well, yet it does not sufficiently restore its balance for the attainment of a long life. Hence one day in seven, by the bounty of Providence, is thrown in as a day of compensation, to perfect by its repose the animal system.

"You may easily determine this question as a matter of fact, by trying it on behalf of buried. Take that fine animal, the horse, and work him to the full extent of his powers every day in the week; or give him rest one day in seven, and you will soon perceive, by the superior vigor with which he performs his functions on the other six days, that this rest is necessary to his well-being. Man possessing a superior nature, is borne along by the very vigor of his mind, so that the injury of continued diurnal exertion and excitement on his animal system is not so immediately apparent as in the brute; but in the long run he breaks down more suddenly; it abridges the length of his life and that vigor of his old age which (as to mere animal power) ought to be the object of his preservation. I consider therefore that, in the beautiful provision of Providence for the preservation of human life, the sabbatical appointment is to be numbered amongst the *natural duties*, if the preservation of life be admitted to be a duty; and the premature destruction of it a suicidal act. This is said simply as a physician, and without reference at all to the theological question; but if you consider further the effect of real Christianity, namely, peace of mind, confiding trust in God, and good will to man, you will perceive in this source of renewed vigor to the mind, and through the mind to the body, an additional spring of life imparted from this higher use of the Sabbath as a holy rest. Were I to pursue this part of the question, I should be touching on the duties committed to the clergy; but this I will say, that researches in physiology, by the analogy of the working of Providence is nature, will establish the truth of revelation, and consequently show that the Divine commandment is not to be considered as an arbitrary enactment, but as an appointment necessary to man."

Question. "In your own practice have you thought it necessary, to carry on the whole of your occupation on a Sunday as on the other six days of the week?" Answer. "Certainly not."

Q. "Do you think your patients have suffered thereby?" A. "Certainly not."

Q. "Of course in extreme cases you do?" A. "I consider that the two offices of healing, so to speak, are the clergyman and the medical man; they are the only two classes of persons called on to labor on that day for the benefit of the community. I have found it essential to my own well-being to abridge my labor on the Sabbath to what is actually necessary. I have frequently observed the premature death of medical men from continued exertion. In warm climates and in active service this is painfully apparent."

Q. "As a seventh day is absolutely necessary for the rest of man, what do you say to the habits of clergymen, who must of necessity labor on the seventh day?" A. "I have advised the clergymen, in view of his Sabbath, to rest one day in the week; it forms a continual prescription of mine. I have seen many destroyed by their duties on that day, and, to prevent others, I have frequently suspended them for a season from the discharge of those duties."

Q. "So that the clergymen furnishes an illustration of your own principle as to the ill effects of working on the seventh day continually?" A. "Yes, certainly; I would say further, that, quitting the grosser evils of animal living from over-stimulation and undue exercise of body, the working of the mind in one continued train of thought is destructive of life in the most distinguished class of society, and that senators themselves stand in need of reform in that particular. I have observed many of them destroyed by neglecting this economy of life."

Q. "Therefore, to all men, of whatever class, who must necessarily be occupied six days in the week, you recommend to abstain on the seventh, and in the course of life they would gain by it?"

A. "Assuredly they would, by giving to their bodies the repose, and to their minds the change of ideas suited in the day, for which it was appointed by unerring wisdom."

Q. "And in fact more mental work would be accomplished in their lives?"

A. "Certainly, by the increased vigor imparted."

Q. "A human being is so constituted that he needs a day of rest both from mental and bodily labor?"

A. "Certainly. You have drawn the inference from the tenor of my evidence and argument, which I wish to leave on the mind of the legislative body."

[For the Boston Recorder.]

#### PAPERS FROM THE OLD PARLOR STAGE.

Mr. EDITOR.—I have often wondered what has become of those heaps of manuscript sermons and biblical notes and loose leaves containing detached thoughts on passing events, which must have accumulated in the writing-desks and book-cases of the early New England divines. Many of them preached in the same pulpit and occupied the same study for half a century—some of them longer.

As a general thing they were more thought, and observation, and influence. They gave direction to public sentiment. They moulded the distinctive features of New England character. The elder Presidents once said, in conversation, that "American Independence was owing more to the republican views of the clergy, and the weight which their opinions had with the people, than to any other cause." And it was from their pulpit and pastoral labors, almost exclusively, that this commanding influence proceeded. They preached much, but published little. They wrote much; but where are now their writings? Whither have vanished these memorials of their sacred toil? After considerable enquiry and research, I am surprised and pained to find what indiscriminate have been made of those valuable relics—valuable as illustrating the method and spirit of a ministry which made a deeper and better impression on human society than any other since the apostles went to their rest.

They have not quite all disappeared. In the garret of here and there an old parsonage, (perhaps in the bottom of some cast off bureaux) I have been so fortunate as to discover several hundreds of these tattered and defaced memorials, which have hitherto escaped the flames, though their yellow complexion suggests that some of them have been sadly exposed to the flames. By your permission, Mr. Editor, I will furnish for the Recorder an extract, now and then, from these old documents. I do not, of course, ask room for *whole sermons*, though I am very sure some advantage would accrue to modern preachers from a perusal of these specimens.

The following similitude is from the pen of the celebrated SAMUEL MOODY, of York, Me. It bears no date. The ministry of Mr. Moody commenced in 1808. He became pastor of the church at York in 1790, and continued his labors there till his death in 1747. The extract is a comparison of the Christian with the bee, and were it put in John Bunyan's rhyme, would rank with similar effusions from his pen :

"A Bee is a laborious, diligent creature. So is a Christian. His life, under God, depends on his diligence. Nothing is to be got in Christ but by labor. 'All in labor there is profit; but the talk of the lip tends to penury; that of the heart to poverty.'

"The next day, I rode over to see neighbor Pulsifer. I found him chopping wood at his door. 'Good morning, neighbor.' No answer. 'Good morning, neighbor.' I repeated. He gave a kind of grunt, without looking up. 'I came,' continued I, 'to see you about the sheep.' At this, he threw down his axe, and exclaimed, in a most angry manner, 'Now aren't you a pretty neighbor, to tell your men to kill my sheep?' I heard my rich man like you to shoot a poor man's sheep!"

"I was wrong, neighbor," said I; "but it won't do to let your sheep eat up all that grain; so I came over to say that I would take your sheep to my home-stead pasture, and put them in with me, and in the fall you may take them back, and, if any one is missing, you may take my pick out of my whole flock."

"Pulsifer looked confounded—he did not know how to take me. At last he stammered out, 'Now, Squire, are you in earnest?' Certainly I am," I answered; "it is better for me to feed your sheep in my pasture on grass, and to send them here on grain; and I see the fence can't keep them out."

"After a moment's silence—"The sheep shan't trouble you any more," exclaimed Pulsifer. "I will tell them all. But I'll let you know that when any man talks of shooting, I can shoot too; and when they are kind and neighborly, I can be kind too.' The sheep never again trespassed on my lot. And my friends," he would continue, addressing the audience, "remember that when you talk of injuring your neighbors, they will talk of injuring you. When nations threaten to fight, other nations will be ready to fight. Will beget love; a wish to be at peace will keep you in peace. You can overcome evil only with good. There is no other way."

His CONDUCT UNDER NEGLECT OR ABUSE.

—Though he keenly felt that cold sneer, the biting sarcasm, the undisguised contempt which often met his early efforts, these had only the effect to bring his mind up to a more vigorous wrestle with the prejudices of the times. Some years since he asked an assembled association of ministers in New-Hampshire for liberty to address them on the claims of the Peace Movement. The body unwillingly assented, and granted him a few minutes only. He spoke, but hardly had he warmed his subject, when, the time expiring, he was abruptly and unfeelingly stopped with an unfinished sentence on his lips. He sat down, covered his eyes with his hand, the tears streaming down his cheeks, and his lips quivering with emotion. His feelings were disregarded, and the body commenced a discussion on the wants of the Home Missionary Society.

8. Bees are a sort of Commonwealth, and are under strict order and government. Every one keeps to his place and work. So are Christians like to a city compact together, and they each mind and keep to their own particular station and employment, and abide with God in the calling wherein he placed.

10. Bees keep their heat during the cold season, and are always warm. So do Christians keep up their spiritual warmth and liveliness by associating together. "If we lie together then we have heat; but how can one be warm alone?"

11. The Bee when its sight is obstructed by dirt &c. got over its eyes, is very restless and uneasy, and never leaves rubbing till it has got

off. So the Christian, if he has lost his bright views of spiritual things will never rest until he gets a renewed clear discovery of them.

12. The Bee, as it has always a bag of rank poison, as much in proportion to its bulk as a rattle-snake, so the Christian, together with the precious grace of God, has also a body of sin and corruption, the remainder of the poison of the world.

13. The Bee gets all her living by flying. If her wings fail, she necessarily dies. So the just shall live by faith, which has been compared to flying in the air.

14. The Bee is a long-lived creature. Some a swan of Bees have been known to live thirty years. So the Christian's life long, long, long, everlasting.

15. The Bee is a creature of a plain, plain, unadorned appearance, not gay or gaudy like the butterfly. Its excellencies are intrinsic. So the Christian does not affect to make fair show in the flesh, but is all glorious within." J. S. C.

[For the Boston Recorder.]

REMINISCENCES OF WM. LADD.

INFLUENCE OF HIS PEACE PRINCIPLES IN HIS INTERCOURSE WITH OTHERS.

The common fault of reformers is, that they are intolerant in their feelings, and denunciatory in their language; but Mr. Ladd in a great degree avoided this intolerance. He was full of kindly feelings; this child-like gentleness, counted with his other noble qualities, drew all hearts toward him.

His gentle-heartedness, however, came alike from his good-nature, and the influence of his peace principles. A story which he often told with peculiar relish, will illustrate this moulding of his character—the gradual progress of his mind in adopting the peace principles.

"I had," said he, "a fine field of grain, growing upon an out-farm at some distance from the homestead. Whenever I rode by, I saw my neighbor Pulsifer's sheep in the lot, destroying my hopes of a harvest. These sheep were of the gaunt, long-legged kind, active as spaniels; they could spring over the highest fence, and no partition-wall could keep them out. I complained to neighbor Pulsifer about them, sent him frequent messages, but all without avail. Perhaps they would be kept out for a day or two; but the legs of these sheep were long, and my grain rather more tempting than the adjoining pasture. I rode by again—the sheep were still there; I became angry, and told my men to set the dogs on them, and, if that would not do, I would pay them, if they would shoot the sheep."

"I rode away much agitated; for I was not so much a peace man as I am now, and I felt literally full of fight. All at once a light flashed in upon me. I asked myself, Would it not be well for you to try in your own conduct the peace principle you are preaching to others? I thought it all over, and settled down my mind as to the best course to pursue.

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THURSDAY, JAN. 5, 1843.

## OUR ENLARGEMENT.

We present the subscribers of the Recorder to-day with an enlarged sheet, yet not so much enlarged, we trust, as to be awkward or inconvenient. We have likewise, as will be seen, adopted a fairer type, by which improvement we hope to make our weekly labors more gratifying accessible to our numerous readers. We indulge the confident belief, that this augmentation of our efforts and expenses will be met by a corresponding enlargement of the means by which we labor and live.

## OUR OWN PROPHECIES.

We have not caught the spirit of modern soothsayers. When our readers shall have perused the present chapter on this topic they will be comforted that we are still on safe ground.

1. There will be hard times this year. All sorts of transgressors will find them hard. We have nothing to say about divine judgments, but this we may say, conscience will accuse and reproach them, and divine truth will frown upon them. The past will bring up its charges, and the future will lift up its voice. There will be tears and sighs among those who will then find it an evil thing and a bitter, to depart from the living God.

2. But there will be good times. We expect there will be, and more of it than some of our contemporaries allow. They think we shall be *extinct*, but we grow *the better* for *extinction* that summer and winter, seed time and harvest, will not fail. And in the progress of the year, praying men will enjoy prayer, and temperance men a good conscience—and studious men study—and those that go forth weeping, bearing seed, shall come again rejoicing, bringing their sheaves with them. They that water often, shall be watered themselves. Doing good will this year cause faithful saints to taste of the fatness of the Lord's house, and to drink of the rivers of his pleasures. Spiritual joy is a plant that will this year flourish luxuriantly in every well cultivated heart.

3. There will be many *failures in business*. Every backslider will be a case. We fear some of these will be *bad failures*, like that of Judas; others more like Peter's. If any of them should not resume business, it will not be for the want of a most valuable blueprint. The statute book contains it, Isa. 55:7. Let the wicked forsake his way, &c. If any should wish to know the process of taking advantage of this law, they can consult the case of the Prodigal Son.

We confidently expect many failures in business among Satan's servants. We trust multitudes of them will give up their present occupation entirely, and in doing so, they shall find an infinitely more honorable and lucrative employment in trafficking in a merchandise which shall be better than silver, and the gain thereof than fine gold.

4. There will be many *failures in business*. Many that shall try to quiet their souls in sin, will see their endeavors fail. The covering they shall prepare to hide their iniquities from their own eyes will not be large enough, that a man can wrap himself in it. There will be disappointment for those who, by making the world their supreme good, shall expect substantial happiness from it. The proud, the selfish, the sensual, the ambitious, the covetous, shall find anticipated pleasures bursting bubbles.

We trust there will be not a few persons who will find *aggravated disappointments*; the parent who had despaired of the return of a prodigal son; the drooping saint, in the unexpected return of the light of God's countenance; the pastor in the revival of a stupid and disheartened minister—in the unemployed and disheartened minister in an open field of labor—the creditor in regaining a lost debt—the publisher in the return of old patrons, and the paying up of old scores—lenders of books in seeing them safely restored.

5. Though not Almanac makers, we unite with them in reference to *Eclipses*. The covetous disciple will cast a shade over his own character. So will the saint that brideth not his tongue, and he too that shall be familiar with the phrase, "I pray these have me known;" and he also that shall be a sweet and loving disciple abroad, and a very sour and unlovely one at home; and he that shall be tardy and slack in the fulfillment of contracts and promises; he that shall be slow to hear and swift to speak, and not slow to wrath, and he that shall get the reputation of being more skilful and wise in the things of the world, than in the things of the kingdom of God. We fear about it, but we should be glad if the gaze of the keenest observers of the firmament of Zion should not be able to discern a single eclipse this year; but should find all the larger and lesser luminaries, shining in undiminished brightness.

Believing these few specimens of soothsaying are quite as much as our readers will, for the present, care for, we will close them with an expression of our most cordial congratulations on the return of the *NEW YEAR*, and the desire that every needful temporal and spiritual blessing may be theirs this year, and that of the Lord that shall prepare them for an abundant entrance into his everlasting kingdom.

## ANNUAL MONTHLY CONCERT.

The Annual United Monthly Concert was held at Park St. Church, on Monday evening last.

The packet due at the last Concert not having arrived until the morning after the meeting, and another having arrived since, there were on this occasion the communications of two mails from the missionary stations. The intelligence was presented, however, in a more concise manner than usual, in consequence of this being the annual meeting, at which it is customary to devote more time to addresses.

From the *Syrian* mission, account had been received to the 5th of Oct. A letter from Mr. Thompson, dated at Mt. Lebanon, an extract from which was read by the Secretary, gave a concise view of the condition and prospects of the mission. The Sultan, it appeared, did not intend to restore the native princes of the Druzes to power, if he could avoid it. A popular government on the mountains would exclude our mission. A Druze government would be favorable. A Turkish government would fill the country with uncertainty and confusion.

The hopes of the mission were built upon taking the Druzes as a body, under its influence and instruction; an idea which Mr. Thompson conceived to be neither chimerical nor improbable. There was already a general inclination among them to seek instruction from the missionaries, and they would no doubt move together, as a body.

*Broad*.—The Secretary spoke of the two translations of the Scriptures—that of Mr. Good-

## HOME MISSIONS.

Notice from the Home Missionary, for January 1842.

*Iowa.*—The *River towns*.—These are the great points of moral influence—the thoroughfares of all the immigrants into the Territory. In all the important ones, from Fort Madison to St. Peters, the Catholics have erected churches, or rather, *Mass houses*, and are establishing schools. "The children of this world are wiser, &c."

*Towlesboro*.—A subscription has been raised, and with other aid derived from funds in Massachusetts, a brick house of worship is immediately to be erected. Rev. C. R. Fisk finds encouragement in his labors.

## ILLINOIS.

*Eglin*.—Rev. Mr. Clark has received to the church during the year 35 members. The whole number is 122. The congregation is large and would be larger but for the small size of the house. At Dundee also there have been 5 or 6 hopeful conversions, and even 20. Large villages have sprung up which was then an unbroken wilderness. Difficulties and privations have been triumphantly encountered.

*Lapeer*.—8 months since, the church had 25 members. 25 have since been added by profession and letter—the fruits of a blessed revival. But great numbers of churches are almost entirely destitute of the preaching of the Gospel.

## OHIO.

*Cochason*.—Three years and a half since, this church had but 14 members. It has now 59. There was then no Sabbath school; now there are two, averaging 40 scholars each. There was no meeting house; now there is a good one; the congregation then averaged 50; now it averages 150. 23 have been added to the church the past year.

*Marietta*.—Rev. Mr. Clark has received to the church during the year 35 members. The whole number is 122. The congregation is large and would be larger but for the small size of the house. At Dundee also there have been 5 or 6 hopeful conversions, and even 20. Large villages have sprung up which was then an unbroken wilderness. Difficulties and privations have been triumphantly encountered.

*Grosfield*.—A little church of 11 has increased to more than 20. God was present at a recent meeting in the grove, and Christians were greatly refreshed, while some thirty, who had been strangers to the covenants of promise, became savagely acquainted with Christ.

*Virgil*.—This is a small settlement—where till lately there was no church, but where the Missionary has labored not in vain, and 30 have passed from death unto life—most of them in the vigor of youth. The little church lately organized, will become a lighthouse, saving multitudes from the shipwreck of their souls.

*Concord*.—A Swedish minister laboring here a few weeks, found a multitude of temporary followers, and organized a church of 25 members. Nor would it be surprising if this lying saint, like others in the West, should deceive some of the very elect. The enemy of all good is fruitful in devices to possess and retain this large and glorious field which Christ claims for his own.

*Vermont*.—At a camp meeting in September, Mr. Dole has formed a church of 17 members, to be governed on the principles of the Presbyterian church of the United States.

*A Sabbath school and two weekly prayer meetings are established, and meetings are held on the Sabbath for prayer and exhortation, over which an elder presides—a young man, and captain of a steamboat, of remarkably fine disposition and good talents, who was hopelessly converted about a year since.*

Seven new missionaries have been appointed, and twenty one re-appointed. The recruits had been received into the church during November, were, \$4,375.54.

*Canada*.—Mr. Gray found a congregation of 30 when he came here; now the house is full, and the church and congregation the largest in the village. 40 have been added to the church the past year. Much has been accomplished in the cause of temperance, Bible classes, and Sabbath schools.

*Huntington*.—Thirty-six miles from this, Mr. Dole has formed a church of 17 members, to be governed on the principles of the Presbyterian church of the United States.

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The seven' **UL AT ROME.**  
They lay hills' how like the cursed of Heaven  
men', , drunk with the blood of slaughtered  
While' **radiant skies hung o'er them, and the domes**  
gilding mockery to the eye of Heaven!  
That whipt sepius! how had its kings  
With iron hoof trodden the necks of men!  
How had the glories of its earlier day  
Vanished, like incense on its Goddess shrines!  
A Nero with his horrid hand had waved  
His blood-hounds to the Christian slaughtering,  
And the great city staggered with the blood  
Of martyrs, perishing for the holy cross.  
One form was then a venerable form,  
Grown gray with suffering and worn with years,  
Who awoke a moment the vile tyrant's heart  
And hurled defiance to his threat of death.  
He stood to stave his people, as they fled  
A scattered household from the dogs of hell,  
And bade them die with an unfaltering trust,—  
Till the black minions of a despot's rage  
Seized him to death. Nay, not to death? To die?  
'Twere gain—'tis crowning of his loftiest hope,  
Then should the dungeon blast on the bosom of her,  
And waste mildews on him, till his heart  
Quail to the tyrant's mimicry of power,  
And suffer his yest undying soul.  
Not so! Paul had not learned to bow his head  
To the mandate of the King of kings.  
Oh! there was suffering's triumph. He had  
Struggled through his ministry, brooking the wrath  
Of an o'er-maddened world, and periling,  
For the high crown that glittered to his eye,  
The crumpling temple of his nobler self!  
He who had won a conqueror's mastery,  
Battling the scorn of the envenomed Jews,  
Pouring contempt on vain Philosophy  
Amid the stinks of the Paphon—  
And claiming homage for the living God  
Even at the idol-shrines of Ephesus,—  
He who had borne the knotted scourge unmoved,  
Wearied with watchings in the wilderness,  
And spurned the perils of an angry sea,  
So he might preach the mysteries of his Faith,—  
He who had sung in prisons, scouting there  
The bonds that shackled him, so that he leave  
His praise unfeigned for the ear of Heaven,—  
Could the black dungeons of the rotting Rome  
Appal his heart?—Nay! as the child lies down  
To the sweet pillow of his evening dreams,  
So went that hero of all suffering men  
To the grim dungeon's silence—while a voice,  
As of an angel beckoning to Faith,  
Was whispering to his ear, 'The triumph seen?'  
Oh treasures! treasures! had thy tyrant given  
For one small draught of such a peace as his,  
Who to the darkness of his prison-walls  
Could sing of his departure, revelling  
In the bright visions of his glowing faith,  
Aye joying in afflictions, while they brought  
To his rapt soul, glory's unmeasured weight.  
Oh holy sufferer! may thy strength be ours  
In the mad conflicts of this warring world!

E. P. W.

## MISCELLANY.

## THE SABBATH WRECKS.

A LEGEND OF DUNBAR.

It was a beautiful Sabbath morning in the autumn of 1557; a few small clouds tinged with red, sailed slowly through the blue heavens; the sun shone brightly, as if conscious of the glory and goodness of its Maker, diffusing around a holy stillness and tranquility, characteristic of the day of rest; the majestic Frith flashed back the sun beams, while its bosom slowly glided the winged granaries of commerce; there, too, lay its islands, glorying in their strength—the May, shrouded in light, appeared as a levitating sunning in its rays—and the giant Bass, covered with sea fowl, rose as a proud mountain of alabaster in the midst of the waters.

A thousand boats lay along the shores of the Dunbar. It was the herring season—and there were many boats from the south and from the north, and also from the coast of Holland.

Now, tidings were brought to the fishermen that an immense shon was upon the coast; and, regardless of its being Sabbath morning, they began to prepare their thousand boats, and to go out to set their nets. The Rev. Andrew Simpson, a man possessed of the piety and boldness of an apostle, was then minister of Dunbar; and as he went forth to the kirk to preach to his people, he beheld the unshallow preparations of the fishermen on the beach; and he turned amongst them, and reproved them sternly for their great wickedness. But the men were obdurate—the prospect of great gain was before them, and they mocked the words of the preacher. Yea, some of them said unto him in the words of the children to the prophet—"Go up, thou bald head!" He went from boat to boat, counselling, entreating, exhorting with them, and praying for them.

"Surely," said he, "the Lord of the Sabbath will not hold you guiltless for this profanation of his holy day." But, we see perch, viu regnion was but little felt or understood upon the borders, and they regarded not his words.

He went to one boat, which was the property of members of his own congregation, and there he found Agnes Crawford, the daughter of one of his elders, hanging upon the neck of her husband, and their three children also clung around him, and they entreated him not to be guilty of breaking the Sabbath for the sake of perishable gain. But he regarded not their voice; and he kissed his wife and children, while he laughed at their idle fears. Mr. Simpson beheld the scene with emotion, and approaching the group—"John Crawford," he exclaimed, addressing the husband, "you may profess to mock, to laugh to scorn the words of a feeble woman, but see that they return not like a consuming fire into your own bosom when hope has departed. Is not the Lord of the Sabbath the Creator of the sea, as well as of the dry land? Know ye not that ye are now braving the wrath of Him before whom the mighty ocean is a drop, and all space but a span? Will ye, then, glory in insulting His ordinances, and delight in profaning the day of holiness? Will ye draw down everlasting darkness on the Sabbath of your soul? When ye were but a youth, ye have listened to the words of John Knox—the great apostle of our country—ye have trembled beneath their power, and when ye think of those convictions, and contrast them with your conduct this day, does not the word apostle burn in your heart? John Crawford, some of your blood have embraced the

stake for the sake of truth, and will ye profane the Sabbath which they sanctified? The Scotsman who openly gloried in such a sin, forfeits his claim to the name of one, and publishes to the world that he has no part or communion with the land that gave him birth. John Crawford, hearken unto my voice, to the voice of your wife, and that of your bairns, (whose bringing up is a credit to their mother,) and be not guilty of this gross sin." But the fisherman, while he regarded not the supplications of his wife, became sullen at the words of the preacher, and springing into the boat, seized an our, and, with his comrades, began to pull from the shore.

The thousand boats put to sea, and Mr. Simpson returned sorrowful from the beach to the kirk, while Agnes Crawford and her children followed him. That day he took for his text, "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy;" and, as he fearlessly and fervently denounced the crime of Sabbath breaking, and alluded to the impious proceedings of the day, his hearers trembled, but poor Agnes wept aloud, and her children clung around her, and they wept also because she wept. But, ere the service had concluded, the heavens began to lower. Darkness fell over the congregation—and first came the murmur of the storm, which suddenly burst into the wild howl of the tempest. They gazed upon each other in silent terror, like guilty spirits stricken in their first revelation by the searching glance of Omnipotence. The loud voice of the Psalm was abruptly hushed, and its echo mingled with the dreadful music of the elements, like the bleating of a tender lamb in the wind that sweepeth howling on the mountains. For a moment, their features convulsed and immovable, were still distended with the song of praise; but every tongue was silent, every eye fixed. There was no voice, save heaven's. The church seemed to rock to its foundations, but none fled—none moved. Pale, powerless, as marble statues, horrify transfixed them in the house of prayer. The steeple rocked in the blast, and as it bent, knell, unloosed by human hands, pealed on the ears of the breathless multitude. A crash followed. The spire that glittered in the morning sun scattered in fragments, and the full voice of the whirlwind roared through the mists. The trees crouched and were striped leafless; and the sturdy oak, whose roots had embraced the earth for centuries, torn from the deep darkness of its foundations, was lifted on the wings of the tempest. Darkness was spread over the earth. Lightnings gathered together their terrors, and clothed in the fury of their fearful majesty, flashed through the air. The fierce bairn was poured down as clouds of ice. At the awful voice of the deep thunder, the whirlwind quailed, and the rage of the tempest seemed spent.

Nothing was now heard save the rage of the troubled sea, which, lashed into foam by the angry storm, still belloved forth its white billows to the clouds, and shouted its defiance loud as the war-cry of unbattled worlds. The congregation still sat mute, horrified, deathlike, as if waiting for the preacher to break the spell of the elements. He rose to return thanks for their preservation, and had given out the lines—

"When in thy wrath rebuke me not  
In thy hot wrath chasten me not—

when the screams and the howling of women and children rushing wildly along the streets, rendered his voice inaudible. The congregation rose, and hurrying out upon another, they rushed from the church. The exhortations of the preacher to depart calmly, were unheard and unheeded. Every seat was deserted, all rushed to the shore, and Agnes Crawford and her children, also, in terror, with the multitude.

The wrecks of nearly two hundred boats were drifted among the rocks. The dead were strewed along the beach, and amongst them, wailing widows sought their husbands, children their fathers, mothers their sons, and all their kindred; and ever and anon an additional scream of grief arose, as the lifeless body of one or other such relations was found. A few of the lifeless bodies of the hardy crews were seen tossing to and fro, but the cry for help was hushed, and the yell of death was heard no more.

It was, in truth, a fearful day—a day of lamentation of warning, and of judgment. In one hour, and within sight of the beach, a hundred and ninety boats and their crews, werewhelmed in the mighty deep; and dwelling on the shore between Spittal and North Berwick, two hundred widows wept their husbands lost.

The spectators were busily carrying the dead, as they were driven on shore, beyond the reach of tide-mark. They had continued their melancholy task for near an hour, when a voice exclaimed—"See ye—one still lives, and struggles to make the shore."

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"Gracious heaven!" exclaimed the fisherman, pressing his wife to his bosom. "My ain Agnes! was it you? was it you, my wife! my saviour!" And he wept aloud, and his children wept also. "There is nae writing in what I have done," replied she, "for who should have attempted to save ye, had I not? Ye were every thing to me, John, and to our bairns."

But the feelings of the wife and the mother were too strong for words. I

The waters noted with redoubled fury.

Her strength seemed failing, but a smile of hope still lighted up her features, and her hand grasped her apparently lifeless burden.

Despair again brooded on the countenance of her friends.

For a moment she appeared among the waves; but the next, Agnes Crawford lay senseless on the beach, her arms resting on the bosom of him she had snatched from a watery grave—on the bosom of her husband.

They were borne to their own house, where in a few moments she recovered; but her husband manifested no signs of vitality. All the means within their power, and that they knew, were resorted to, to effect his resuscitation. Long and anxiously she wept over him, rubbing his temples and his bosom, and, at length, beneath her hand his breast began to heave with the returning pulsation of his heart.

"He lives!—he breathes!" she exclaimed, and she sank back in a state of unconsciousness.

The recent publication of a remarkable instance, related by Mrs. L. M. Child, in which a near relative of hers very narrowly escaped being buried alive, (see Recorder of Nov. 18,) has led us to hunt up some facts on the subject of premature interments, which we take occasion to reprint.

The following facts, collected from medical history, are particularly interesting, and proper to be known in order to prevent, if possible, their recurrence:—

At Toulouse a lady having been buried in the church of the Capuchin friars with a diamond ring on her finger, a servant entered the vault to steal the ring; and as the finger was swelled and the ring could not come off, he began cutting the finger; but on hearing a loud shriek from the deceased the thief fled senseless. At the time of the morning prayers, the monks having heard some groans, found the lady alive and the servant dead. Thus dead had his prey—there was but a change of victims.

In 1756, a woman in Paris was thought to be dead, and the body put on some straw with a taper at the feet. Some young men who sat up round the corpse, in a frolic overturned the taper which set the straw on fire. The deceased whose body the flames now reached, uttered a cry, and the two gentlemen were taken to a concert, and returned home with her to supper. While the two gentlemen were taking their wine, a sudden dispute arose between them. Mr. Caumartin drew a sword from his cane and stabbed his companion to the heart. The deceased was then carried to a hospital, but learning the effect of the wound he died, and it was announced that he had embarked for America.

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